October 20, 1936.

114 Yesterday after breakfast Mar took us to the place where he and his father were planting yams. We had made the arrangements the day before; Mar had said that it was not very far away, and so, despite the rain, we decided to go. [134] [133] What a trip! The soil here is largely made up of a sort of greasy mica which is the next thing to ice in slipperyness when it gets wet. Further, almost the entire journey was either up or down slopes varying from thirty to sixty degrees. Occasionally the tree roots provided some foothold, or in the steepest places little niches had been cut into the mud. Most of the time we were 'skating'. At least a dozen times my foot suddenly went out from under me and I fell. Tip was wearing leather boots and therefore did not fare so badly [48] as I with my tennis shoes. Mar, barefoot, padded along with a knee bending, heel and toe gait which allowed most of the surface of his splay foot to be on the ground at one time. He never seemed to slip. After about two and a half hours, we finally arrived at the 'bush house', soaked by rain and mud from without, and sweat from within.

126 123 262 252 While we were taking notes on the material culture we found there, Mar, and Merok, who was already there when we arrived, cooked some yams for us. They were boiled in a round bottomed pot made without kiak. (These pots [413] [323] [439] are made by the coiling method and traded with the River people for shells.) They also cooked a bird of paradise which Tip had shot on the way with the twenty two. It was placed on the fire, feathers and all. By the time it was done the feathers had all burned off. The meat was then torn off and eaten. It [263] [347] tasted excellent; the yams with some salt on them were good too. This salt was some that we had given them, but they say that they have a salt mine in the mountains somewhere.

123 After our meal, Sof took us to his house. We stopped to smoke a cigarette and then expected to see some yam planting, but the natives said that unless

578 Kumb and Kar came up in the evening. Their argument may be over as there is no outward sign of hostility.

578 231 February 11, 1937. The day before yesterday Tip came back. I heard Wof talking. It seemed Marok and Chinuwa had gone to wash sago, and on the way back their dogs had fought; Wof's dog had been pretty well chewed up. Wof had been cross and wanted to know why Marok had not seperated them. Awambaka had gone to Marok and told them that Wof was very cross. At this Marok's wife came and told Wof that they were not near the dogs, and Wof said that he wasn't cross but was making up stories. Then he chided Awambaka for talking. He told her that if she did this under other circumstances, it might cause a fight.

754 Last evening at dusk the gongs tolled, and at first they said that an old woman had been sick and that this announced her death. We heard excited shouting, and it turned out that a man had been seen sneaking behind someone's house, obviously looking for sunga (sorcery materials). They had grabbed spears and chased him, and he had run down into the "sac sac" (sago swamp). They neither caught him nor recognized him. Had they caught him, they would have speared him.

476 534 [574] In preparation for making a slit gong, Yat obtained food and announced a ceremonial work feast. He called the workers in the morning. First they went down toward the market place to cut a liana about an inch in diameter and twenty feet long. One of the men, in monkey fashion, climbed [481] up a tree and cut the top with a big knife. This was carried into the [313] garden by the side of the road toward Wenyebunkura. A log was cut to the [284] desired length and shaped. A collar had been left on the pointed end of [483] the log and in back of this the liana was tied--a single turn and half knot around the stocky part--and slipped down tight. The end of the liana was

224 spear for balance. The hunter approaches prey in this semi-sitting position
[481] by shifting weight to his left leg and then settling back again on the right. When the prey is within striking distance, he rises with weight on the right leg, draws back the spear at a level with his eye, and plunges it downward at an angle, following through with the weight of his body onto his left leg.

Another method used in pig hunting is to catch the pigs in pitfalls and spear them after they are caught. The pitfall is about four feet in diameter, three feet deep, covered with twigs and leaves, and dug near a sago swamp.